

Copy sent me by Prof. Scott
and is now typed for both
copies of the Addenda

Writt
who h

Interlude by W. H. Ireland

Arm Chair 2-0-0
4 Glass Desks 10-0-0
2 pr. Curtains 4-0-0
Washstand & Ware 2-0-0
11-15-0

G 1399

Six cut Georgian Ice Plates
Tanger Bowl
Jardiniere
China Vase
Workbox
1-2-0

G 1400

Four Plates 1-6

G 1401

Three Wood Plates 1-6

Madame Elizabeth sister to the king.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just risen from his Couch.

Sweet sleep this night hath rockd me in her Arms

And pure from heav'n some pitying Angel came

To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye

For very joy, and then a voice so soft

So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart

In silvery accents thus addressing me

"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence

Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit

Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

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Henry 2d.

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Strutt.

Irish Ireland

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the scene was

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Addenda

Interlude of Louis 16^e
taking leave of his Family
by W. H. Ireland

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Interlude by W. H. Ireland
of Louis 16th taking leave of
his family

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The King

Santerre

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Madame Elizabeth sister to the king.

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just risen from his Couch.

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And pure from heav'n some pitying Angel came

To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye

For very joy, and then a voice so soft

So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart

In silvery accents thus addressing me

"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence

Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit

Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

Our children yet remain who need your care

First teach them to love you as a parent

and think my sister their second mother

But if mischance should give my son the crown

Instruct him to live in the people's hearts

Bid him forget his father's injuries

and should he ere know the causes of them

let melting pity teach him to forgive.

But some there are have perished in my cause

the offspring of such he must remember

For unto them he owes a sacred debt

Bid him repay it treble, should fortune

e'er grace him with her smiles, teach him but this

and you fulfill a dying husband's prayer

And set the mother's part. Now fare ye well.

The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The King embraces

the Queen.
(the King kisses
his children.)

Farewell my children & may sweet angels

protect and hover o'er your innocence.

Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embrace his sister).

Guarda I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

7

Written by Wm. Henry Ireland at the instigation of a gentleman
who had doubt of his being capable of writing in the manner of
the Shakespere Mss. or of his being author of Vortigen & Henry 3d.
With a Specimen of Wm Henry Irelands imitation of the hand writing
of Shakespere . (exactly similar to the pretended Mss) written
by him in my presence & delivered to me Feby. 13. 1800.

B. Strutt.

Persons herein represented

Samuel Ireland

Men

Lewis the XVI. late King of France
The Dauphin his Son, then a Child
The King's confessor
Santerre General of the Parisian Forces

*See W.H.I.'s note in Vol
9. Chapman's Geny that
he wrote this scene in the
presence of Mr. Potter friend
of Chauncy Cross*

Women

Maria Antoniette Queen of France
The Princoss Maria Teresa Charlotta her Daughter
Madame Elizabeth sister to the King.

*See S.I.'s diary under
March 31st 1797 in which
the lines on the death
of Louis XVI are
referred to*

Scene, a Prison. Lewis just risen from his Couch.

The note at the

Sweet sleep this night hath rockd me in her Arms
And pure from heav'n some pitying Angel came
To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast
The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft
So melancholly sweet thrilld on my heart
In silvery accents thus addressing me
"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence
Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit
Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight

*Chapman's Geny
does not say that
the scene was
written in Strutt's
presence but only
the imitation hand-
writing*

Our children yet remain who need your care
 First teach them to love you as a parent
 and think my sister their second mother
 But if mischance should give my son the crown
 Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
 Bid him forget his father's injuries
 and should he ere know the causes of them
 let melting pity teach him to ~~forget~~ forgive.
 But some there are have perished in my cause
 the offering of such he must remember
 For unto them he owes a sacred debt
 Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
 e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
 and you fulfill a dying husband's prayer
 And set the mother's part. Now fare ye well.
 The anguish of my soul stops all utterance.
 Farewell my children & my sweet angels
 Protect and hover o'er your innocence.
 Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling
 Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.
 (The King embraces
 the Queen.
 the King kisses
 his children.)
 (Embraces his sister).
 Exit.

7

And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honeyd Music of this voice then ceased //
Since which my wandring brain hath been amazd
With pleasing and delightful fantasies. X
Heavens Will be done tis my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said Sleep be Deaths image
Would I had never from yon couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long Eternity.

lusive

Mrs. Freeman

Yet hold, dead men nere smile as sleeping do.
One crimson flush perhaps oerspreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots//and wastes away. O! Death
Methinks I see thee grim King of Horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy Footstool is a lusty youth in's prime //
Wreathing in the last agony. Thy Crown's
A toothless jaw and from each cavity ^
"a winged arrow" springs with poison tipt
Thus incircled is this Monarchs temple
But how imagine his ghastly visage
Deep in each socket rowls a pallid flame
ghetting itself up on a mothers pangs //
and hungry grinning at the newborn babe
triumphantly seals it for his own
whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring worms
Fantastick twine around his chattering teeth //
Kissing his morbid lips. O, horrible!
The dread thought chills & unnerves my manhood X
Avaunt then thou brain engenderd spectre

Our children yet remain who need your care
 First teach them to love you as a parent
 and think my sister their second mother
 But if mischance should give my son the crown
 Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
 Bid him forget his father's injuries
 and should he ere know the causes of them
 let melting pity teach him to ~~xxxxx~~ forgive.
 But some there are have perished in my cause
 the offspring of such he must remember
 For unto them he owes a sacred debt
 Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
 e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
 and you fulfill a dying husband's prayer
 And set the mother's part. Now fare ye well.
 The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The King embraces
 the Queen.
 Farewell my children & my sweet angels (The King kisses
 his children.)
 Protect and hover o'er your innocence.
 Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embrace his sister).
 Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

5

lest m' imagination kindle a flame
That godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and Omnipotent father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
that from the adamantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babes my innocent prattlers
Save them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Engough, my Soul is now prepar'd for death

(Enter the Kings Confessor

Conf. How fares my honour'd Lord?

Lew. why, well my friend.

As an innocent dying man should be
firm, steady, and resign'd to meet his fate.
But say how does my Queen, my children too (Lewis weeps)

Conf. Even as the chaste unsullied snowdrop
Melting i' the air before a winters Sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
yourself the Sun cause of all their sorrows

Lew. Alas! for them and not myself I weep
I've gone this world's pilgrimage they have not
O! tis a rugged path and no man knows
the cast of his own Die. the blooming flow'r

Our children yet remain who need your care
 First teach them to love you as a parent
 and think my sister their second mother
 But if mischance should give my son the crown
 Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
 Bid him forget his father's injuries
 and should he ere know the causes of them
 let melting pity teach him to ~~know~~ forgive.
 But some there are have perished in my cause
 the offering of such he must remember
 For unto them he owes a sacred debt
 Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
 e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
 and you fulfill a dying husband's prayer
 And set the mother's part. Now fare ye well.
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 Farewell my children & my sweet angels
 Protect and hover o'er your innocence.
 Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling
 Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.
 (The King embraces
 the Queen.
 (The King kisses
 his children.)
 (Embraces his sister).
 Exit.

bedeck'd in all its gaudy Livery

Should it escape elights down and chilling damp blest

is but reserv'd for the drede wardners knife

so man though he escape dangers manifold

Perils unheard of yet he must be cropt

and trod upon unheeded as the flow'r

Tis strange tis wonderful, alas tis true.

(Enter Santerre the general)

San. I come sir to warn you of my order

Lewis Speak General what is it.

San. One hour is left you after the which

my order is that I conduct you hence.

Lewis I understand, but my wife, my children

May I not take one last and long farewell

Sant. That sir is by the assembly granted

and when it shall please you to admit them

myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. My time is short do it on the instant.

(Exit Santerre)

and if the blessings of a dying man

can avert avail, then surely thou hast mine

being the herald of such welcome news.

Con. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting

needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis I could be calm even on Vessuvius top

when seas of fire were swelling to its brim

that must oe'rwhelm me. But to have a heart

A parents feelings and not to show them

At such a time as this, would stamp me base

The first thing I noticed when I stepped
out of the car was the cold air. It was
a relief after the heat of the car. I
looked up at the sky and saw the stars.
They were so bright and clear. I
felt like I was in a dream. The
stars were so close to me. I
could almost reach out and touch them.
I was so happy. I was so free.
I was so alive. I was so
in love. I was so in love.

THE FIRST
THING I
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I WAS SO
ALIVE. I WAS
SO IN LOVE.
I WAS SO IN
LOVE.

I should betray a lack of charity
that great heav'n kissing attribute in man
Without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoniette, the Dauphin, the
princess his sister the princess Elisabeth
the King's sister and Santerre general of the
forces.

Queen My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

Lewis O heart burst not thy prison and thou my soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus oe'r joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me

Queen O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
two cherubs have sent orisons to heavn
would blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Dauphin Yes look on us, we have lisped forth our prayers
indeed we have and our mother tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he may
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd then sent them back againe.

Daughter Look on these beads, I've told them ore and ore
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lewis. O Innocence, O blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(He kisses his children.

Eliz- My gentle brother I know your feelings
abeth, the Yet drain not all your tears save one for me
King's sister

Your loving sister that hath wept whole nights
In memory of you. O grant but this
and I will mock the rain distilling clouds
with weeping.

(King embraces his sister.

Sant. It greives me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Times glass hath run the hour, you must away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen Ay, and I shall thither also.

King Not so

Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love y u as a parent
and think my sister their second mother
But if mischanced should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the peoples hearts
Bid him forget his fathers injuries
and should he ere know the causes of them
Let melting pity teach him to forgive.
But some there are have perished in my cause
the offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
e're grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
and you fulfill a dying husband's prayr
And act the mother's part. now fare ye well.

Queen The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The king embraces
the Queen.

King. Farewell my children & my sweet angels (the king kisses his
children.
Protect and never o're your innocence.

Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embraces his sister.

Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

ad J

Written by Wm. Henry Ireland at the instigation of a
gentleman who had doubt of his being capable of writing
in the manner of the Shakespeare Mss. or of his being
author of Vortigen & Henry 2nd. With a specimen of Wm.
Henry Ireland's imitation of the hand writing of
Shakespeare .(exactly similar to the pretended Mss.)
written by him in my presence. Delivered to me July. 12.
1800.

H. Str. 36.

Persons herein represented.

Pen.

Lewis the XVI. late King of France

The Dauphin his Son, then a child

The King's confessor

Santerre General of the Parisian Forces.

Women.

Maria Antoniette Queen of France.

The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotta her daughter

Madam Elizabeth sister to the King.

Scene, Prison. Lewis just risen from his couch.

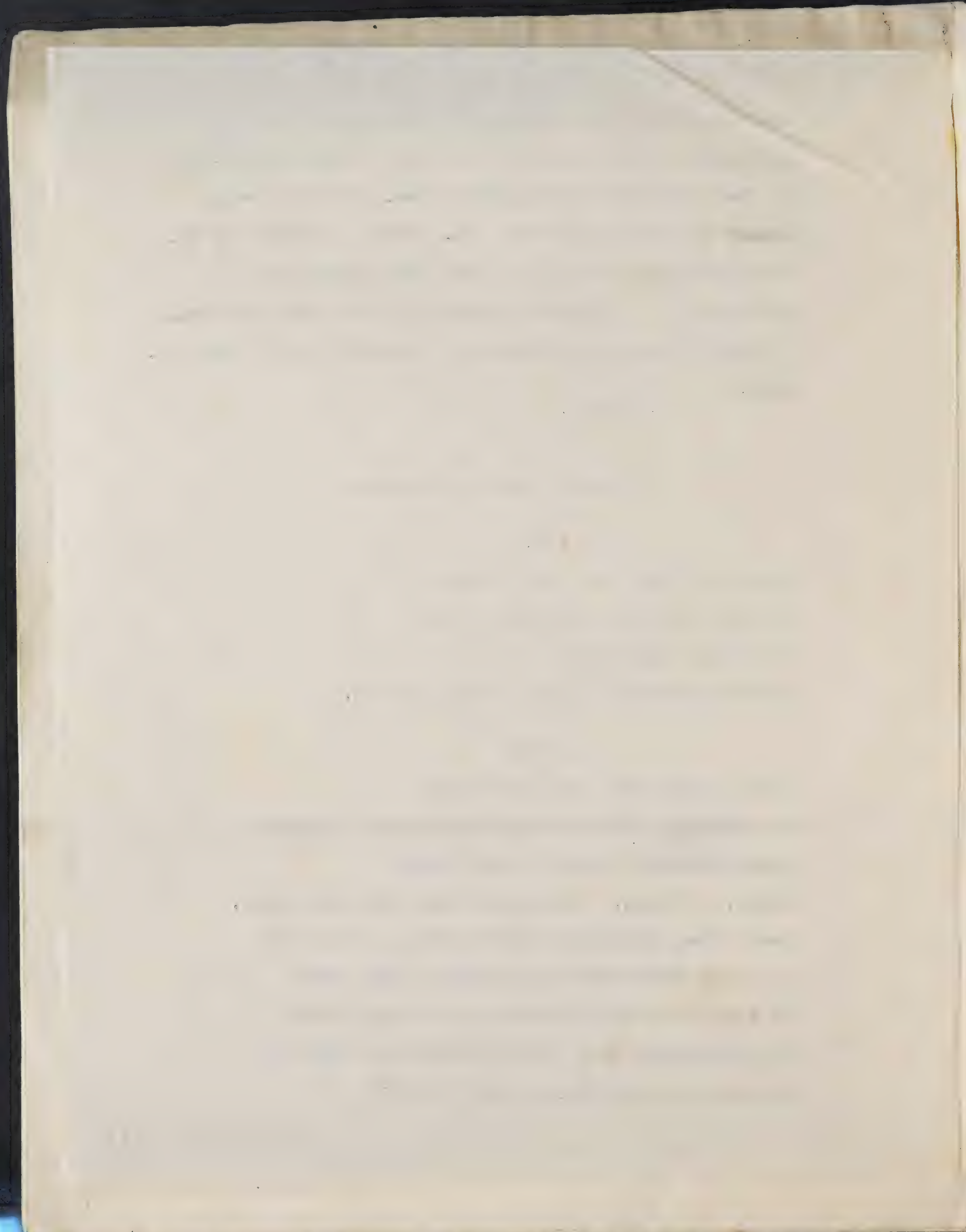
Sweet sleep this night hath rock'd me in Paris

And pure from heav'n some pitying angel came

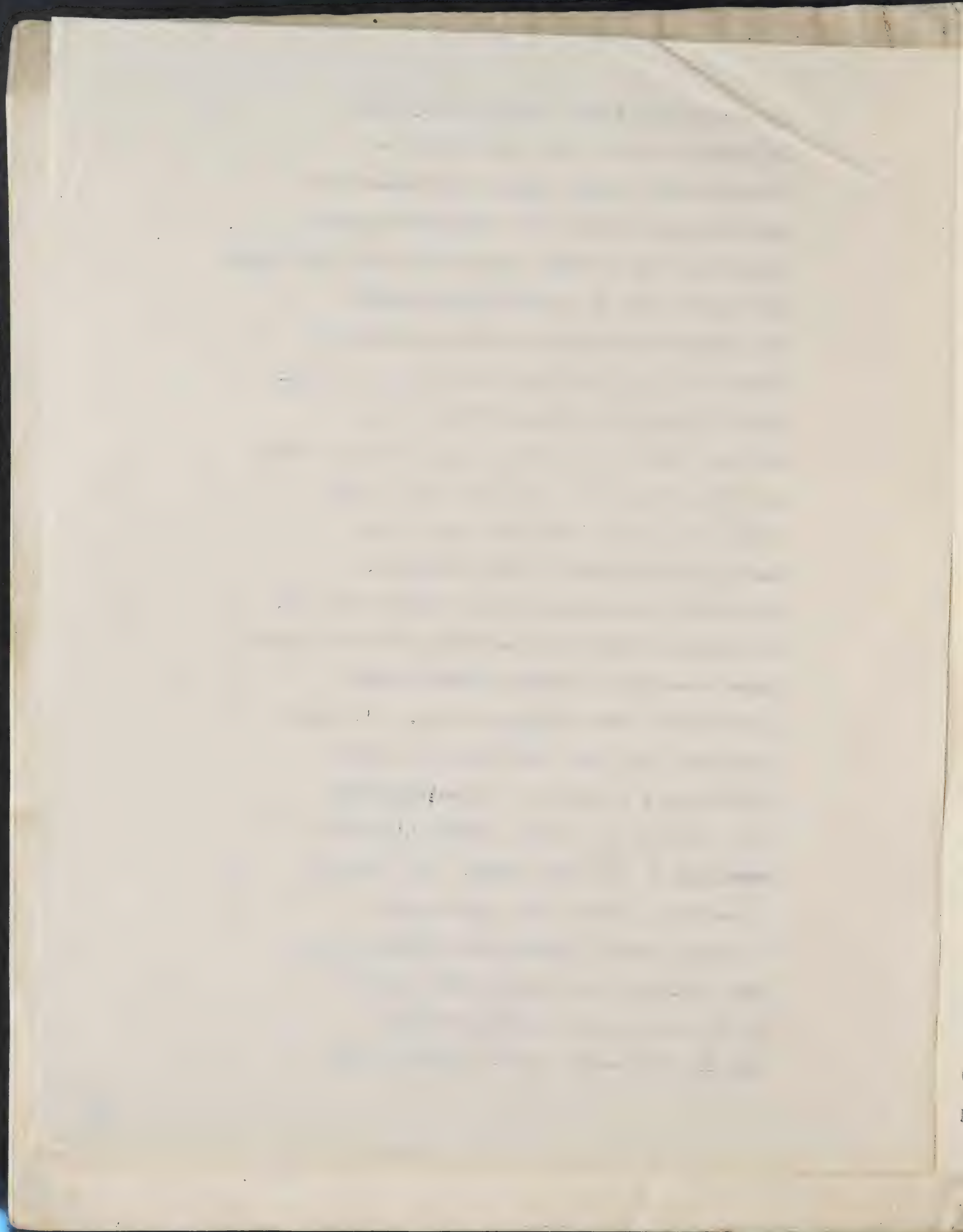
To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast

The glittering tear stood trembling in my eye

For very joy, and then a voice so soft



So deliciously sweet thrilled on my heart
In silvery accents thus addressing me
"Gentle Louis sleep: sleep sweet innocence
Are long thy patient and saint like spirit
Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honeyed music of this voice then ceased
Since which my wandering brain hath been amazed
With pleasing and delusive fantasies.
Heavens will be come its my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said sleep be death's image
Would I had never from you couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long eternity.
Yet hold, dead men more smile as sleeping do.
One crimson flush perhaps overspreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots and melts away. O! Death
I think I see thee grin king of horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy footstool is a lusty youth in's prime
Wreathing in the last agony. Thy crown's
A toothless jaw and iron each cavity
"A winged arrow" springs with poison tip
Thus incircled is this monarch's temple
But how imagine his ghostly visage
Deep in each socket rows a pallid flame



gloating itself up on a mother's pangs
and hungry grinning at the newborn babe
triumphantly steals it for his own
whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring worms
fantastick twine around his chattering teeth
kissing his morbid lips. O, horrible!
The dread thought chills & unnerves my manhood
Avant then thou brain engendered spectre
lest n' imagination kindle a flame
That godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and Omnipotent Father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
that from the adamantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babes my innocent prattlers
Save them, and with a mercy stealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Enough, my Soul is now prepared for death.

(Enter the Kings Confessor).

Conf. How fares my honour'd Lord?

Law. why, well my friend.



As an innocent dying man should be
firm, steady, and resigned to meet his fate.
But say how does my Queen, my children too (Lewis weeps)

Conf. Even as the chaste unallied snowdrop
belting i' the air before a winters Sun
so they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
yourself the Sun cause of all their sorrows

Lew. Alas! for them and not myself I weep
I've gone this world's pilgrimage they have not
O! this a rugged path and no man knows
the cost of his own life. the blooming flow'r
bedeck'd in all its gaudy livery
should it escape slight darts and chilling blast
is but reserved for the drede gardeners knife
so man though he escape dangers manifold
Perils unheard of yet he must be crost
and trod upon unheeded as the flow'r
Tis strange tis wonderful, alas tis true.

(Enter Santerre the general).

San. I come sire to warn you of my order

Lewis. Speak General what is it

San. One hour is left you after the which my order is that
I conduct you hence.

Lewis. I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take one last and long farewell?

Sant. That fire is by the assembly granted
and when it shall please you to admit them
myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. My time is short do it on the instant.

(Exit Santerre).

and if the blessings of a dying man
can aught avail, then surely thou hast mine
being herald of such welcome news.

Queen. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis I could be calm even on Vesuvius top
when seas of fire were swelling to its brim
that must o'erwhelm me. But to have a heart
A parents feelings and not to show them
At such a time as this, would stamp me base
I should betray a lack of charity
that great heav'n kissing attribute in man
without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoniette, the Dauphin,
the princess his sister the princess
Elizabeth the King's sister and
Santerre general of the forces).

Queen. My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

Lewis. O heart burst not thy prison and thou my soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus o'er joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me

Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
two cherubs have sent prisons to heav'n

THE
OFFICE OF THE
SECRETARY OF THE
NAVY

1898
The Secretary of the Navy
has the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter
of the 10th inst. and in reply
to inform you that the same
has been forwarded to the
proper authorities for their
consideration. The result of
their action will be
communicated to you as soon
as it is known.

Very respectfully,
The Secretary of the Navy

John D. Long, Secretary of the Navy
Washington, D.C.
The Secretary of the Navy
has the honor to acknowledge
the receipt of your letter
of the 10th inst. and in reply
to inform you that the same
has been forwarded to the
proper authorities for their
consideration. The result of
their action will be
communicated to you as soon
as it is known.

Would blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Daughter. Yes look on us, we have liad forth our prayers
indeed we have and our father tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he say
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd then sent them back againe.

Daughter. Look on these beads, I've told them ore and ore
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lewis. O Innocence, O blessed state of ean
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(He kisses his children).

Eliza-
beth, the
King's
sister
My gentle brother I know your feelings
Yet drain not all your tears save one for me
Your loving sister that hath wept whole nights
In memory of you. O grant but this
and I will rock the rain distilling clouds

with weeping. (King embraces his sister).

Barb. It greives me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Times glass hath run the hour, you must away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen. Aye and I shall thither also.

King. Not so

Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
and think my sister their second mother
But if mischance should give my son the crown
Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
Bid him forget his father's injuries
and should he ere know the causes of them
Let melting pity teach him to ~~forget~~ forgive.
But some there are have perished in my cause
the offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
e'er grace him with her smiles, teach him but this
and you fulfill a dying husband's prayer
And act the mother's part. Now fare ye well.

Queen.

The anguish of my soul stops all utterance. (The King embraces the Queen.)

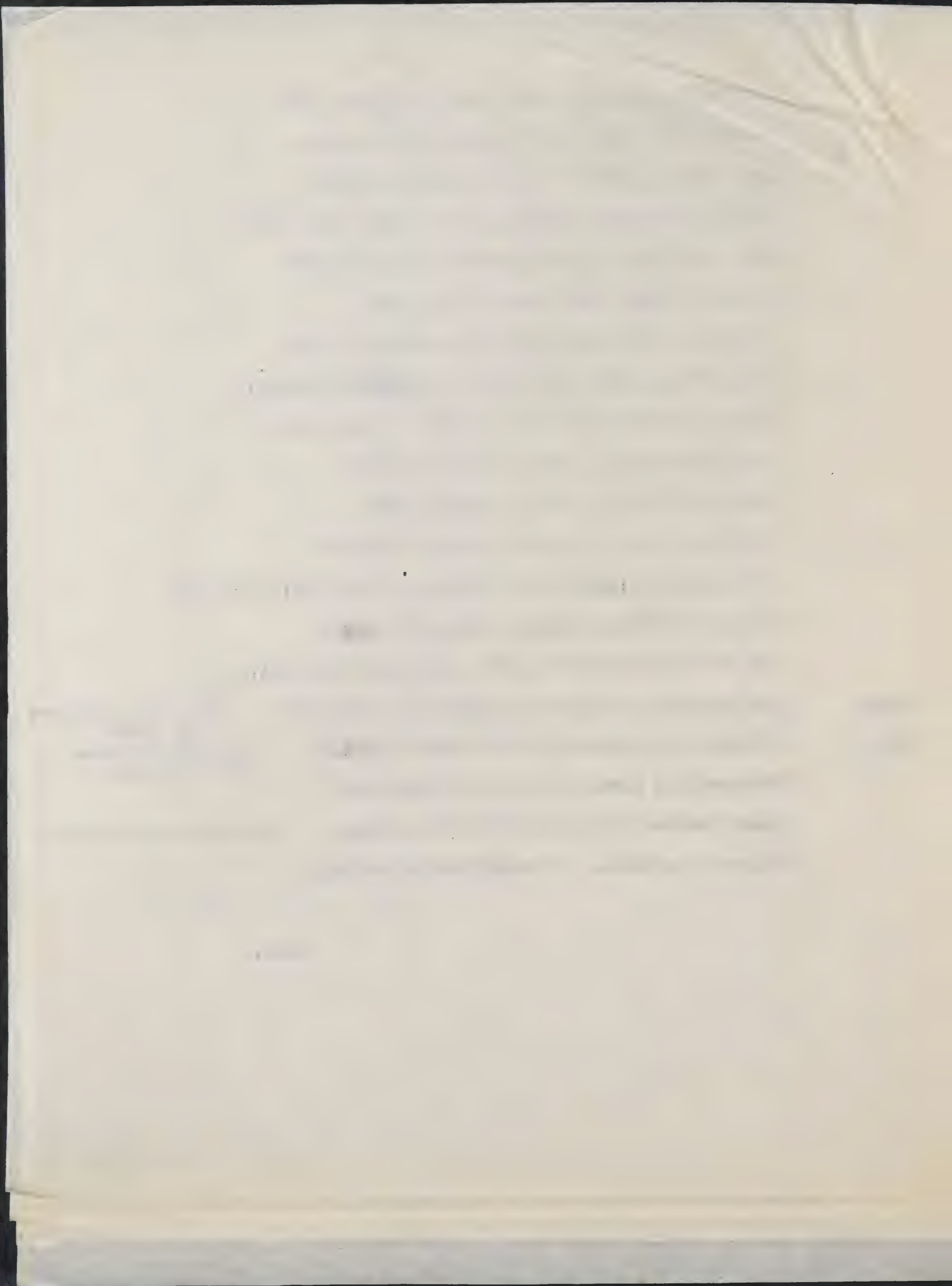
King.

Farewell my children & my sweet angels (the King kisses his children.)
Protect and hover o'er your innocence.

Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (embraces his sister).

Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.



By Wm. Hy. Ireland.

Persons herein represented

Men.

Lewis the XVI late King of France
The Dauphin his Son, then a Child
The King's Confessor
Bastille General of the Parisian Forces

Women

Maria Antoniette Queen of France
The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotte her Daughter
Madame Elizabeth sister to the King

Scene, A. Prison. Lewis just risen from his couch.
Sweet sleep this night, have rock'd me in her arms
And hush from heav'n some pitying Angel came
To forth with airy dreams my care worn breast
The glittering tear stood trembling in my eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft
So melancholly sweet thrill'd on my heart
In silver accents thus addressing me
"Gentle Lewis sleep! Sleep sweet innocence
Ere long thy patient and sweet like spirit
Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The hush'd music of this voice then ceased
Since which my wandering brain has been smother'd

2nd 11-12-20

1. The first part of the report is a general introduction to the project. It describes the purpose of the study and the objectives that were set at the beginning. The introduction also provides a brief overview of the methodology that was used to collect and analyze the data.

2. The second part of the report is a detailed description of the data that was collected. This section includes a table of the data and a description of the variables that were measured. The data is presented in a clear and concise manner, making it easy to understand.

3. The third part of the report is a discussion of the results of the study. This section describes the findings of the study and compares them to the results of previous studies. The discussion also includes a brief analysis of the limitations of the study and suggestions for future research.

4. The fourth part of the report is a conclusion. This section summarizes the main findings of the study and provides a final statement on the importance of the research.

With pleasing and delightful fantasies,
Heaven's Will be done 'tis my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said Sleep be Death's image
Should I have never from you such repose
But slept and dreamt a long eternity.

Yet hold, dead men ne'er smile as sleeping do.
One crimson cheek perhaps O'erflows the cheek
Which soon into a vivid paleness turns
And then all rots and wastes away. O! Death
Methinks I see thee from Ring of Horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy footstool is a lusty youth in a prime
Breathing in the last agony. Thy Crown's
A toothless jaw and from each cavity
A winged arrow springs with poison tipped
Thus incircled is this Monarch's temple
But now imagine his ghastly visage
Deep in each socket rolls a pallid flame
Getting itself up on a mother's pangs
And hungry grinning at the new-born babe
Triumphantly seals it for his own
Whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring worms
Fantastick turn around his chattering teeth
Kissing his morbid lips. O, horrible!

The dread thought chills and unnerves my mantled
Avalanche then than brain engendered spectre
Lest in ignominious ~~horrible~~ kindle a flame
That god-like Reason cannot quell.

O mighty and omnipotent Father

Terrible and all dread God of Justice

That from the adamantine gates of heaven
Hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
In whose right hand the deadly lightning flames
To thee O Lord incomprehensible.

To thee I bow and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial

cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
My babes my innocent practitioners

Have them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom and.

Enough, my soul is now prepar'd for death

(Enter the King Confessor)

Conf. How fares my honoured Lord?

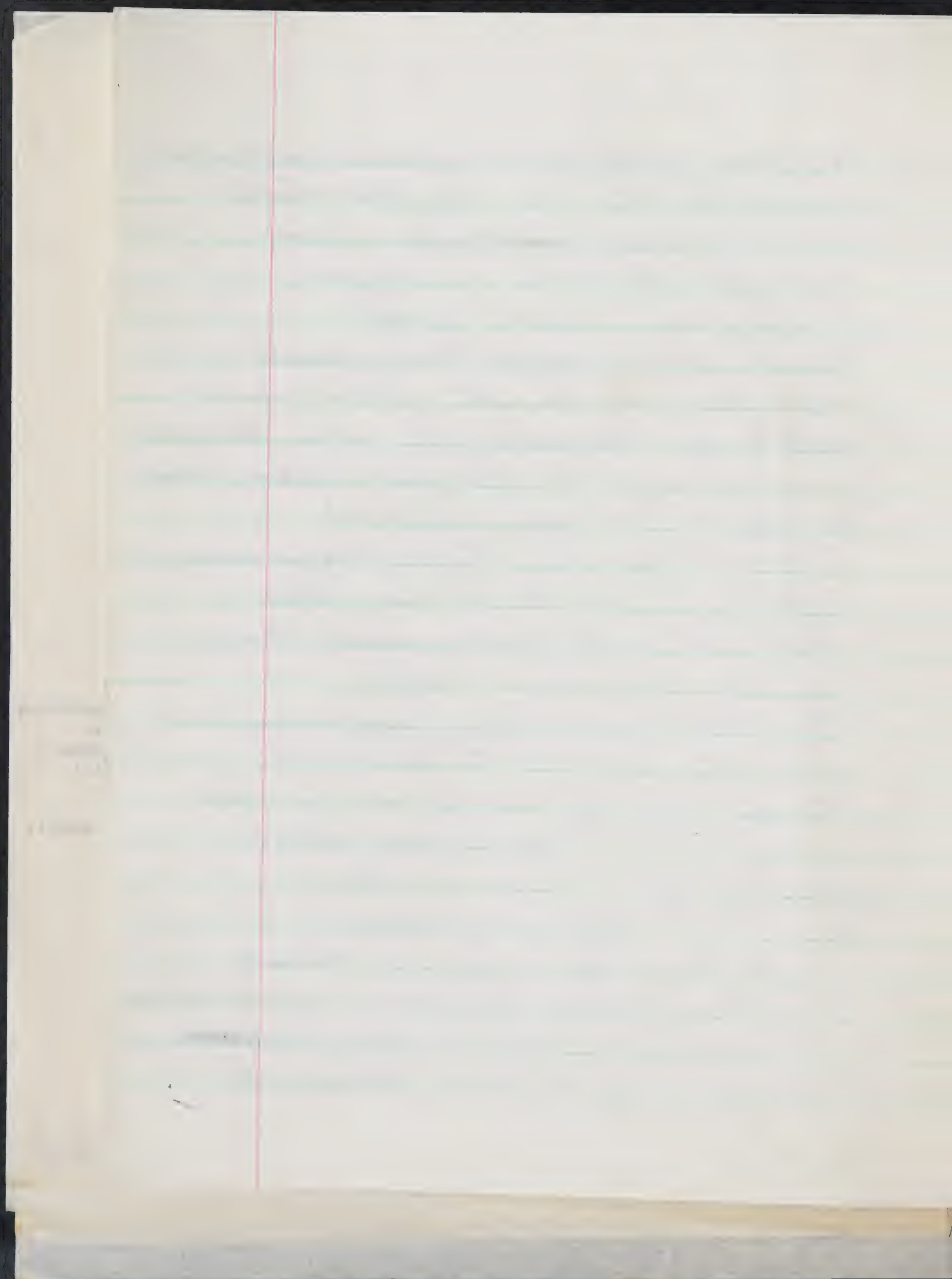
Lew. Why, well my friend

As an innocent dying man should be

Firm, steady, and resigned to meet his fate.

But say how does my Queen, my ~~children~~

Children too? (Lewes weeps)



Conf. Even as the chaste unsullied snowdrops
Melted i' the air before a winter's sun
So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears
Themselves the sun cause of all their sorrows
Lewis Alas! for them: and not myself I weep
I've gone this world's pilgrimage they
have not

O! 'tis a rugged path and no man knows
The cost of his own life. The blooming flower
Bedeck'd in all its gaudy living
Should it escape slight's damp and chilling
blast

'Tis but resew'd for the dread gard'ner's knife
No man though he escape dangers manifold
Perils unheard of yet he must be cropt
And trod upon unheeded as the flower
'Tis strange 'tis wonderful, alas 'tis true.

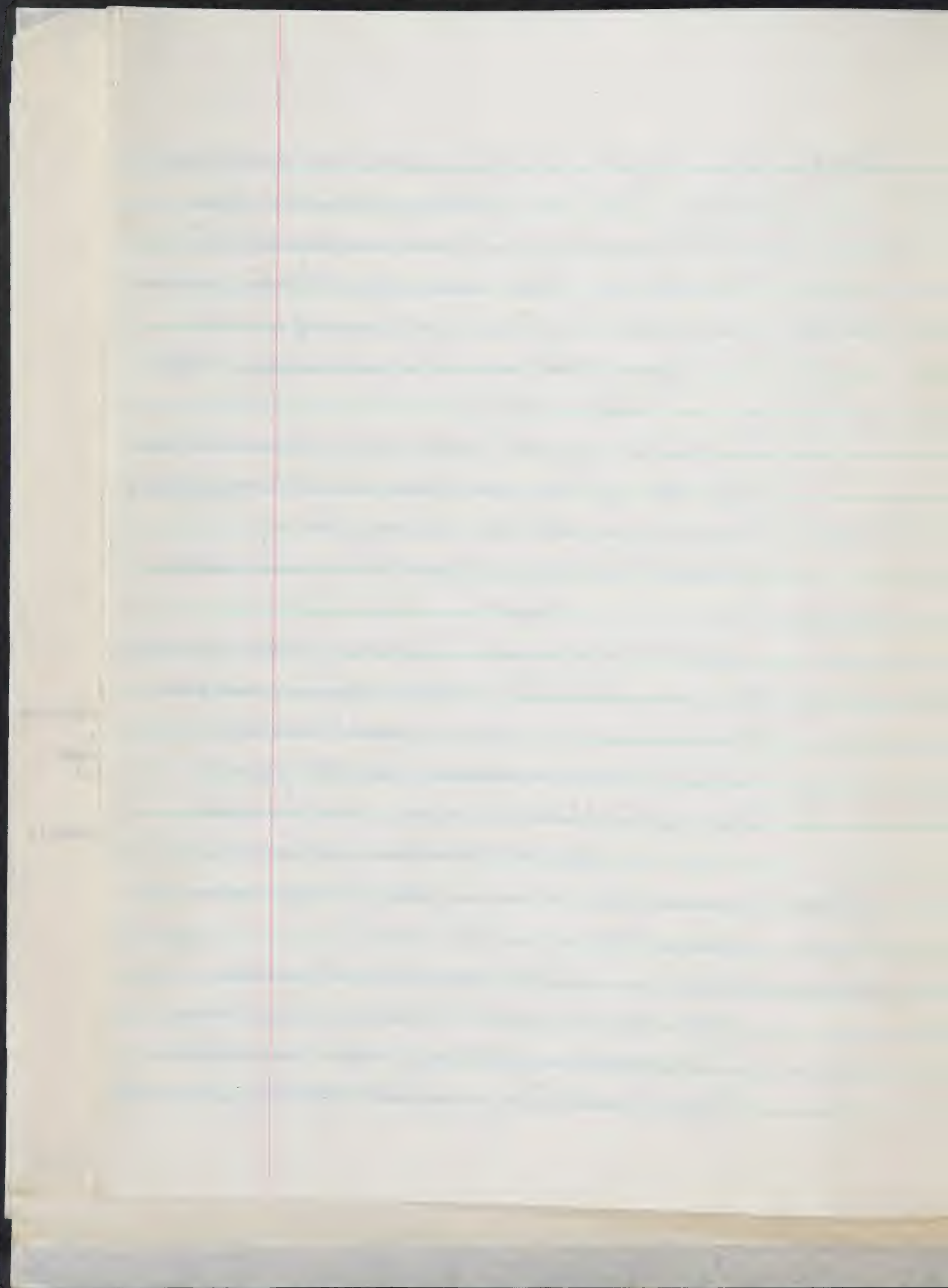
(Enter Santerre the General)

San. I come here to warn you of my order

Lewis Speak General what is it?

San. One hour is left you after the which
My order is that I conduct you hence.

Lewis I understand, but my wife, my children
May I not take one last and long farewell?



Sant. That too is by the assembly granted
And when it shall please you to admit them
Myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis My time is short do it on the instant
(Exit Santene)

And if the blessings of a dying man
Can aught avail, then surely thou hast mine.
~~Being~~ Being the herald of such welcome news.

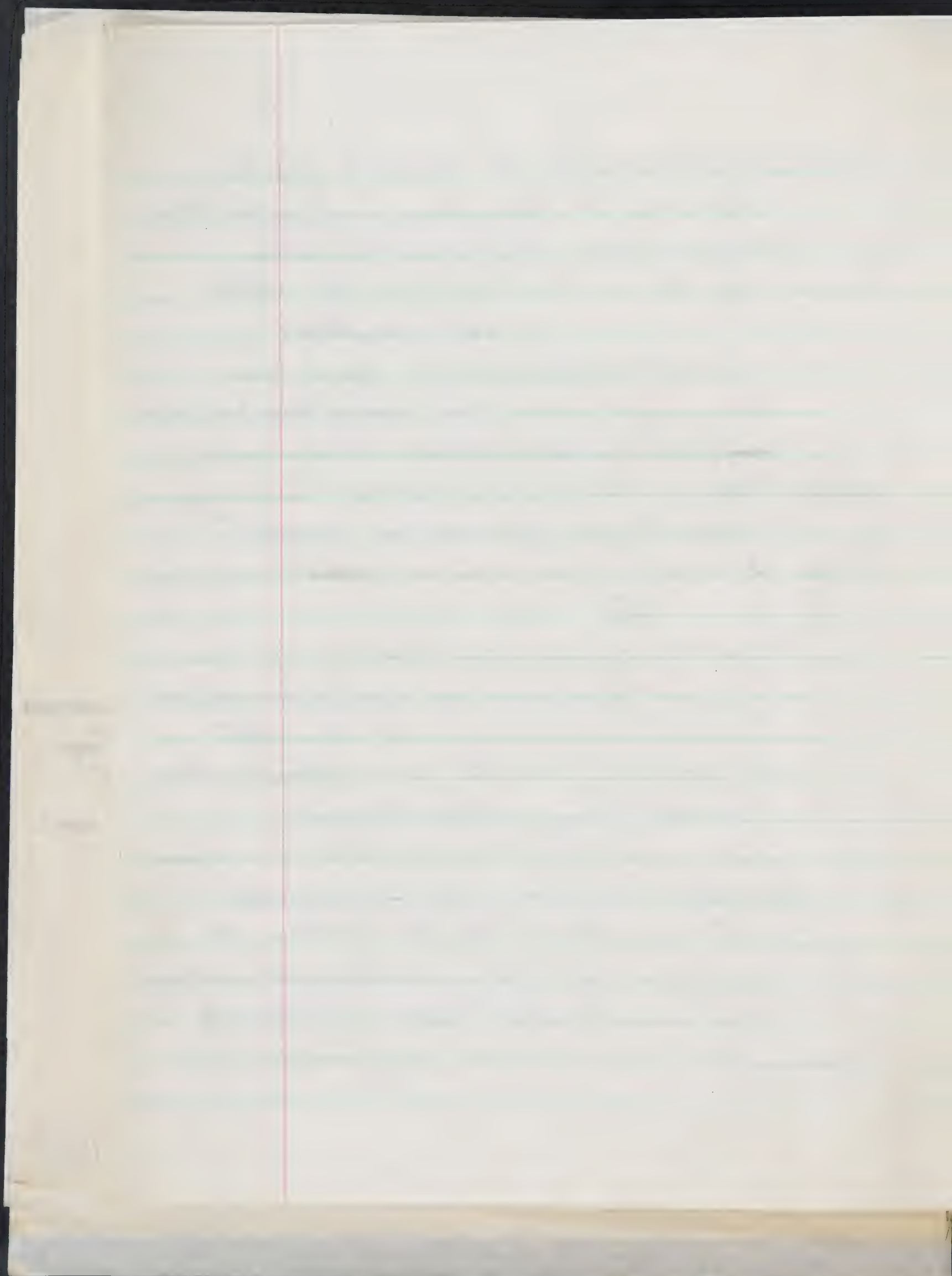
Conf. God my Lord compose yourself this meeting
Needs all your firmness and resolution

Lewis. I could be calm even on ~~these~~ Passaric's
top

When seas of fire were swelling to its brim
That must o'erwhelm me. But to have a heart
A parent's feelings and not show them
At such a time as this, would stamp me base.
I should betray a lack of charity
That great heav'n kissing attribute in man
Without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoniette, the Dauphin, the
Princess his sister, the Princess Elizabeth, the King's
sister and Santene, General of the Forces)

Queen. My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,



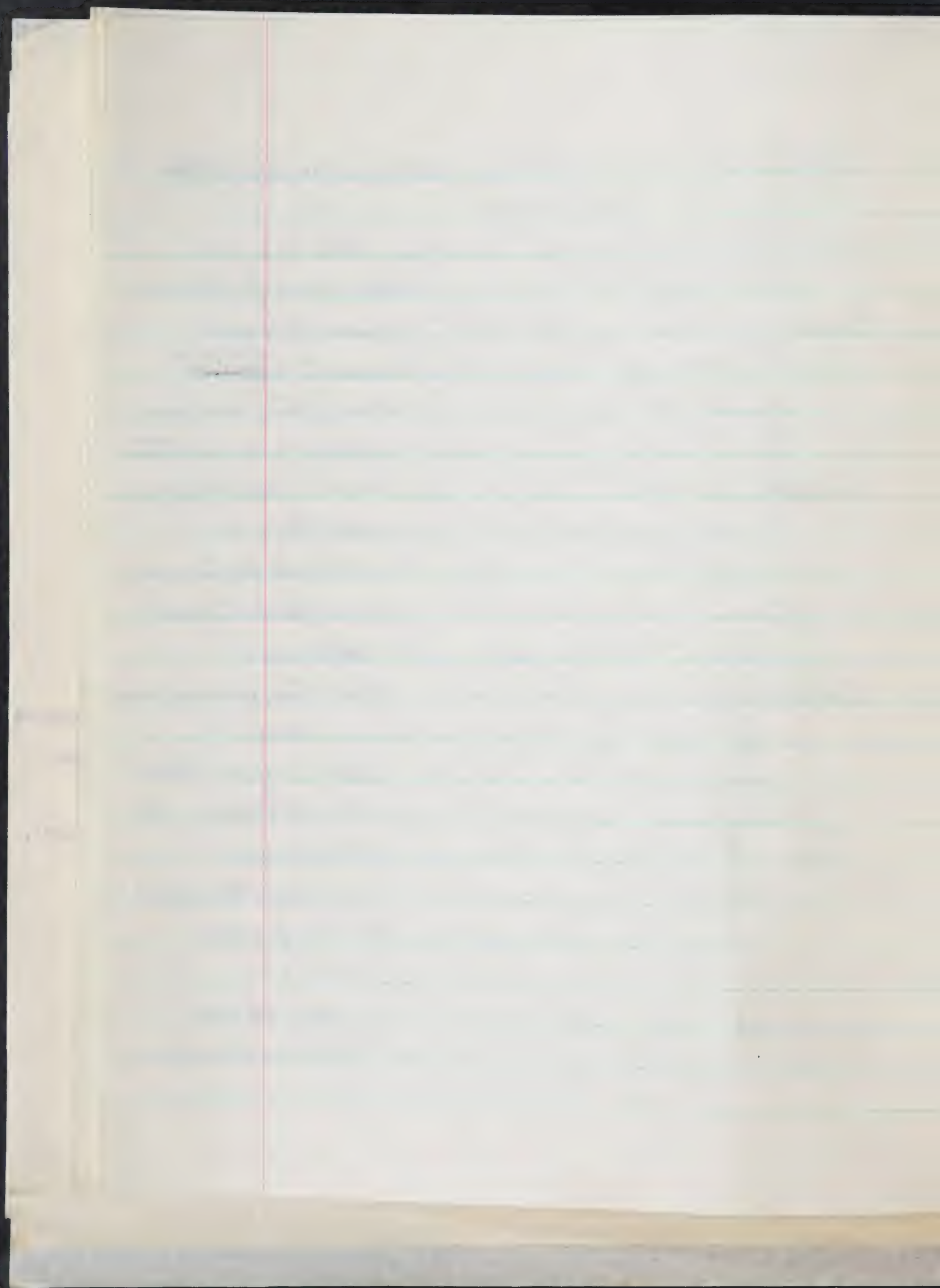
Lewis. O heart burst not thy prison and thou
my soul

Hold yet awhile less dying thus O'erjoy'd
With earthly bliss my Maker should forget me
Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
Two Cherubs have sent orisons to ~~heaven~~^{heav'n}
Should blot out a world of sins, there are few;
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.
Daughter. Yes look on us, we have lisp'd forth our pray'rs
Indeed we have and our mother tells us
That God doth read our hearts and so he may
Thou himself alone that gave us these thoughts
He but receiv'd them back againe.

Daughter. Look on these beads, I told them O'er and O'er
And here my Father here is one alone
And parted from the rest, that is your bead
And see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lewis. O Innocence, O Blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
That know so well to intercede for me
(He kisses his children)

Elegiac
the Kings daughters
My gentle brother I know your feelings
Let drain not all your tears save one for me

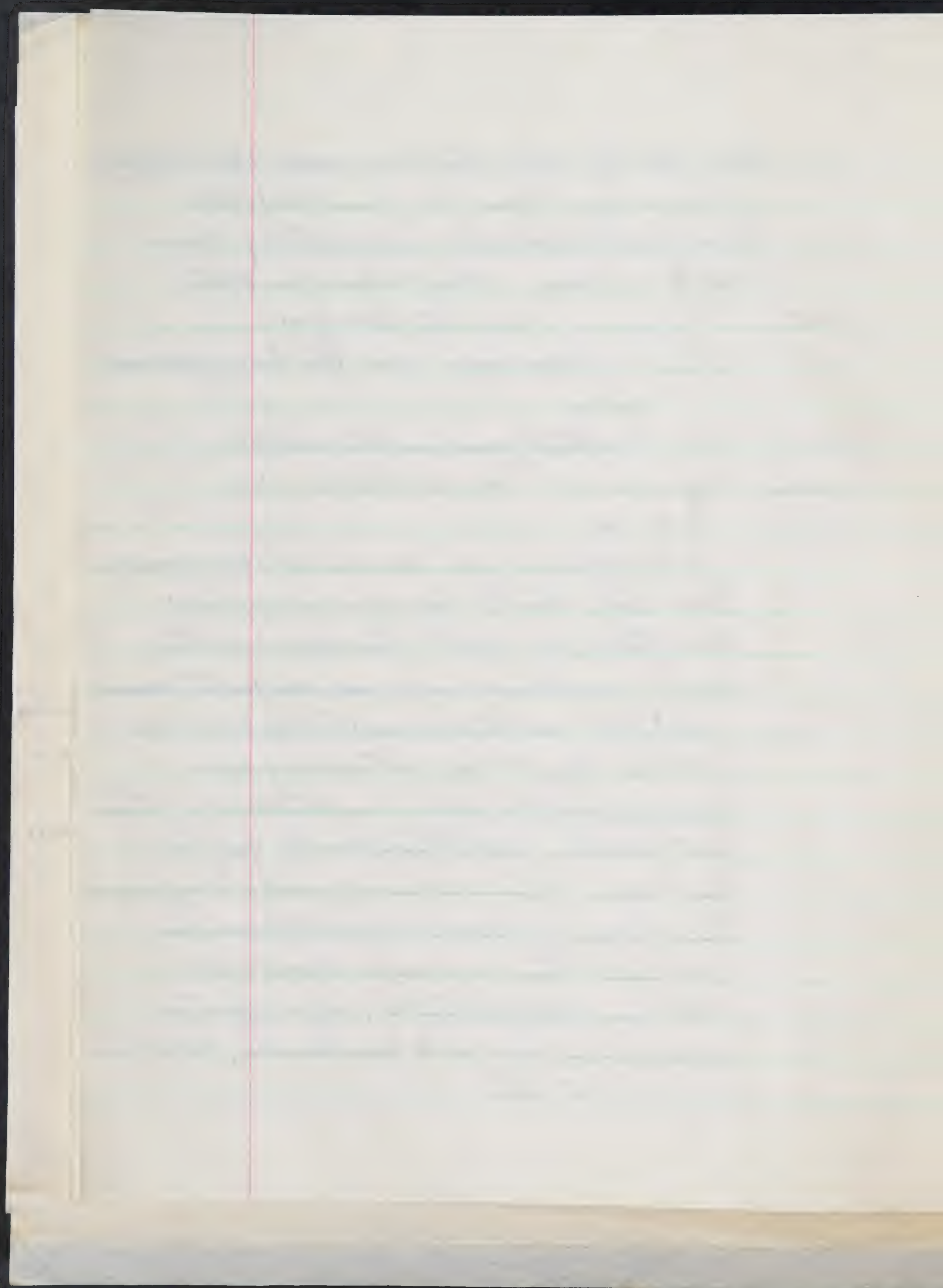


Your loving sister that have wept whole nights
In memory of you. O grant but this
And I will mock the rain distilling clouds
With weeping (King embraces his sister)

Sant. It grieves me Sir to tell you
Time's glass have run the hour, you must
away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.
Queen Age and I shall thither also.
King Not so

Our children yet remain who need your care
First teach them to love you as a parent
And think my sister their second mother
But if mischance should give my Son the crown
Instruct him to live in the people's hearts
Bid him forget his father's injuries
And should he e're know the cause of them
Let melting pity teach him to forgive.
But some there are have perished in my cause
The offspring of such he must remember
For unto them he owes a sacred debt
Bid him repay it treble, should fortune
E're grace him with her smiles, teach him
but this



And you fulfill a dying husband's pray'r
And act the mother's part. Now fare ye well
Queen. The anguish of my soul stops all utterance.

(The King embraces the Queen)

King (The King kisses his children)

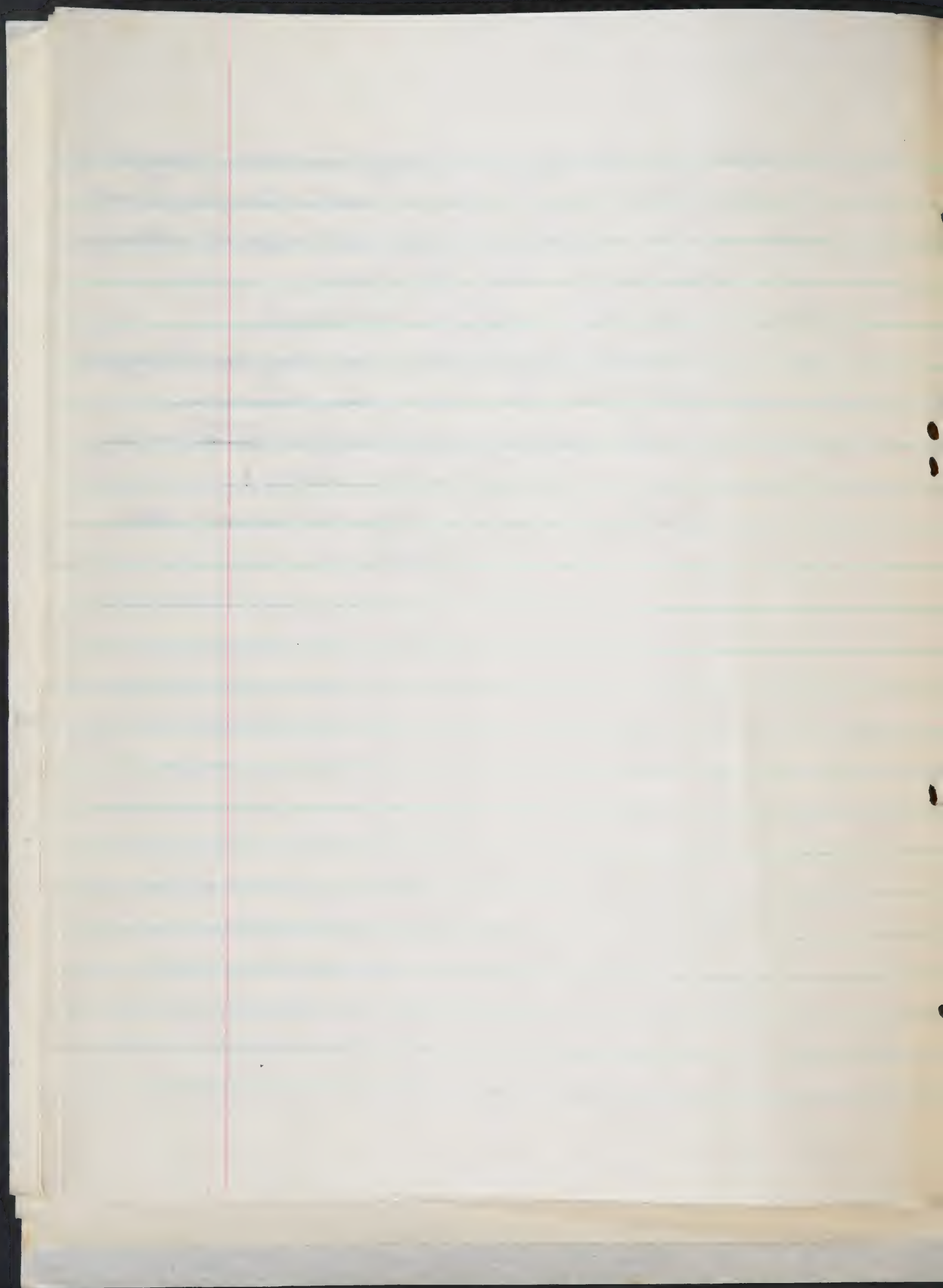
Farewell my children and may sweet angels
Protect and hover o'er your innocence.

Sister adieu we shall yet ~~meet~~ ^{meet} smiling

(Embraces his sister)

Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

(Exit)



With Jack and Natty, Lady Rhinsie's maid,
I saw the folks all go to masquerade -----
La! what a jumble! ----
Why, some were ragged as our thrasher Ben;
Some men were women, and some women men.
But at some men I laugh'd, still more than that,
With large loose sleeves, and with their Op'ra hat-----
That poor squeez'd hat, that makes your London beaux
Look just like taylor's carrying home black cloaths.
This is not all - I've likewise been to view,
The paintings at the Exhibition too:
But after all, to me the rarest sight,
Is that I see before me here to night;
Such sweet good nature and such winning grace,
Beams in each eye, and cloaths each lovely face.
That ev'ry sight is now forgot - but one --
To see that sight a thousand miles I'd run,
To praise it I am sure, you'll all agree,
'Tis our lov'd King, his Queen, and Family.
O! may the choicest blessings still attend
Old England's Sov'reign, and his people's friend,
May ev'ry bliss kind heaven still has in store
Await that King we honor and adore.

Written by Mr. Henry Ireland at the instigation of a
gentleman who had doubt of his being capable of writing
in the manner of the Shakspeare MSS. or of his being
author of Vortigen & Henry 2nd. With a Specimen of Mr.
Henry Irelands imitation of the hand writing of
Shakspeare .(exactly similar to the pretended MSS.)
written by him in my presence & delivered to me Feb'y. 13.
1800.

B. Strutt.

Persons herein represented.

Men.

Lewis the XVI. late King of France
The Dauphin his son, then a child
The King's confessor
Santerre General of the Parisian Forces.

Women.

Maria Antoniette Queen of France.
The Princess Maria Teresa Charlotta her Daughter
Madam Elizabeth sister to the King.
Scene, a Prison. Lewis just risen from his Couch.
Sweet sleep this night hath rock'd me in her arms
And pure from heav'n some pitying Angel came
To sooth with airy dreams my care worn breast
The glittering tear stood trembling in myne eye
For very joy, and then a voice so soft

So melancholly sweet thrill'd on my heart
In silvery accents thus addressing me
"Gentle Lewis sleep: Sleep sweet innocence
Ere long thy patient and saint like spirit
Freed from its earthly cloak shall take its flight
And joyful meet me in the upper heaven
The honey'd music of this voice then ceased
Since which my wandering brain hath been amaz'd
With pleasing and delusive fantasies.
Heavens will be done its my last dream on Earth
And if as 'tis said sleep be Death's image
Would I had never from yon couch arose
But slept and dreamt a long Eternity.
Yet hold, dead men more smile as sleeping do.
One crimson flush perhaps overspreads the cheek
Which soon into a livid paleness turns
And then all rots and wastes away. O! Death
Methinks I see thee grin King of Horrors
Thy throne's a myriad of grinning skulls
Thy Footstool is a lusty youth in's prime
Writhing in the last agony. Thy Crown's
A toothless jaw and from each cavity
"A winged arrow" springs with poison tip
Thus incircled is this monarch's temple
But how imagine his ghastly visage
Deep in each socket burns a pallid flame

(2)

gloating itself up on a mother's sighs
and laugh, grinning at the news it deems
triumphantly seals it for his own
whilst from his jaws the flesh devouring words
fantastick twine around his chattering teeth
kissing his morbid lips. O, horrible!
The dread thought chills & unmans my manhood
Avant then thou brain engendered spectre
lest thy imagination kindle a flame
That godlike reason cannot quell.
O mighty and Omnipotent Father
Terrible and all dread God of Justice
that from the adamantine gates of heaven
hurl'st down the swift and rattling thunderbolt
in whose right hand the deadly lightning glares
to thee O Lord incomprehensible
to thee I kneel and trembling beg for mercy
Support me through this last day of trial
Cheer with sweet hope my unprotected wife
my babes my innocent prattlers
Save them, and with a mercy sealing kiss
Take them forever to thy bosom Lord.
Enough, my soul is now prepared for death.

(Enter the King's Confessor).

Conf.

How fares my honour'd Lord?

Law.

Why, well my friend.

(3)



As an innocent dying man should be

firm, steady, and resigned to meet his fate.

But say how does my queen, my children too (Lewis weeps)

Conf.

Even as the chaste unsullied snowdrop

Melting in the air before a winters sun

So they dissolve in pure unfeigned tears

yourself the sun cause of all their sorrows

Lew.

Alas! for them and not myself I weep

I've gone this world's pilgrimage they have not

O! this a rugged path and no man knows

the cast of his own die. the blooming flow'r

bedeck'd in all its gaudy livery

Should it escape slight's camp and chilling blast

is but reserv'd for the drede gardeners knife

so man though he escape dangers manifold

Perils unheard of yet he must be cropt

and trod upon unheeded as the flow'r

Tis strange tis wonderful, alas tis true.

(Enter Santerre the General).

San.

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Lewis.

Speak General what is it

San.

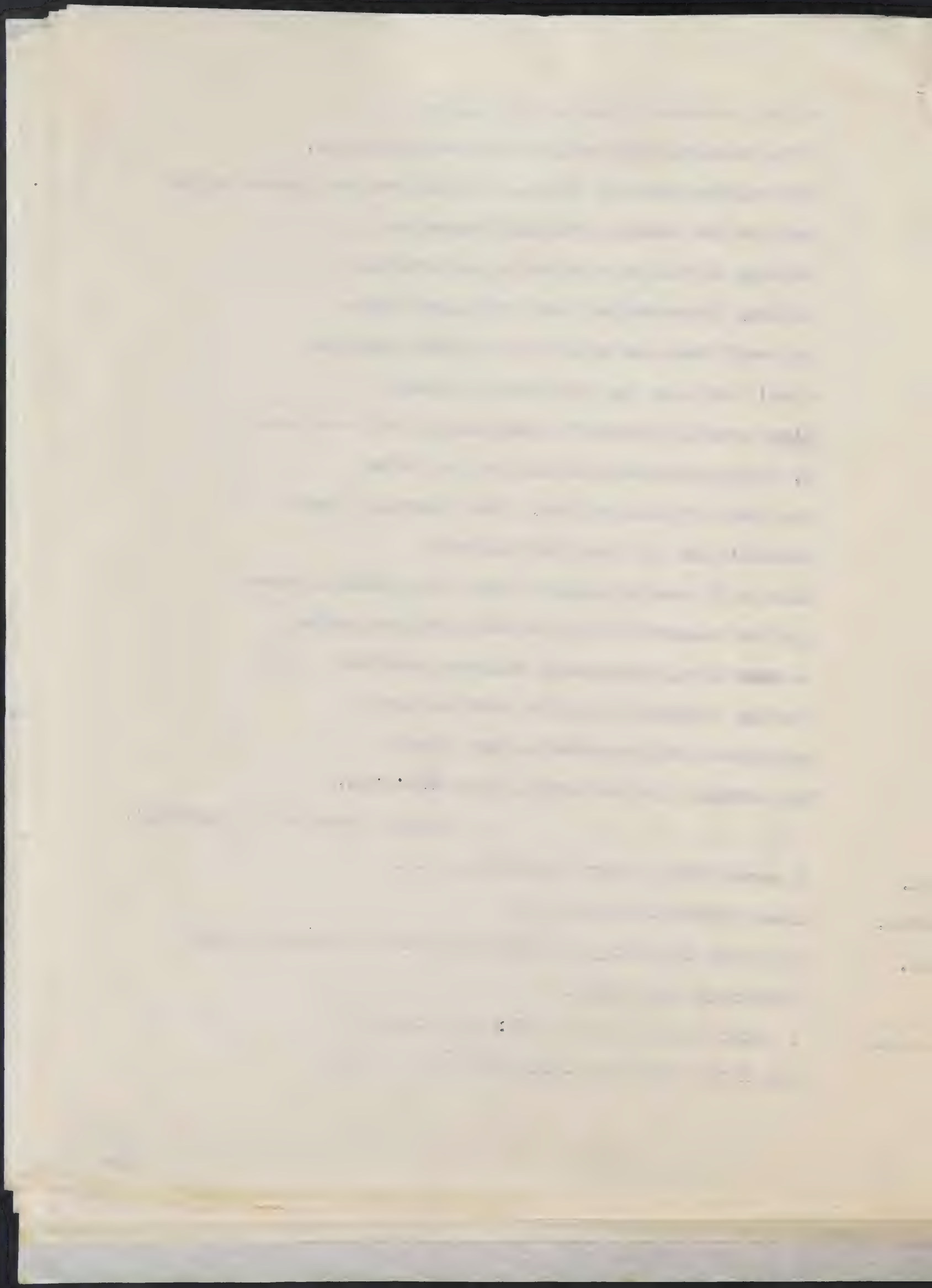
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Lewis.

I understand, but my wife, my children

May I not take one last and long farewell?



Sant. That fire is by the heavenly granted
and when it shall please you to admit them
myself will be their conductor hither.

Lewis. My time is short do it on the instant.

(Exit Santerre).

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can aught avail, then surely thou hast mine
being herald of such welcome news.

Con. Good my Lord compose yourself this meeting
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A parents feelings and not to show them
At such a time as this, would stamp me base
I should betray a lack of charity
that great heav'n kissing attribute in man
without which true virtue cannot exist.

(Enter Maria Antoniette, the Dauphin,
the princess his sister the princess
Elizabeth the king's sister and
Santierre general of the forces).

Queen. My Lewis, my Lord, my husband,

Lewis. O heart burst not thy prison and thou my soul
hold yet a while lest dying thus o'er joyd
with earthly bliss my maker should forget me

Queen. O, never my Lewis thy peace is made
two cherubs have sent orisons to heav'n

Would blot out a world of sins, thine are few:
Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Dauphin. Yes look on us, we have lisped forth our prayers
indeed we have and our Mother tells us
that God doth read our hearts & so he may
'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts
we but receiv'd then sent them back againe.

Daughter. Look on these beads, I've told them ore and ore
and here my father here is one alone
and parted from the rest, that is your bead
and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

Lewis. O Innocence, O blessed state of man
Come to my arms that I may kiss the lips
that knew so well to intercede for me.

(He kisses his children).

Eliza-
beth, the
King's
sister My gentle brother I know your feelings
Yet drain not all your tears save one for me
Your loving sister that hath wept whole nights

In memory of you. O grant but this
and I will mock the rain distilling clouds
with weeping. (King embraces his sister).

Sant. It greives me Sir to tell you, but indeed
Times glass hath run the hour, you must away

King Sir, I attend you on the instant.

Queen. Aye and I shall thither also.

King. Not so

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World blot out a world of sin, there are few:

Your babes, your weeping children look on them.

Yes look on me, we have lived forth our prayers

indeed we have and our Father tells us

that God hath read our hearts & so he says

'twas himself alone that gave us those thoughts

we but receiv'd them sent them back againe.

Daughter, look on these babes, I've told them one and one

and here my Father here is one alone

and parted from the rest, that is your head

and see I've worn it smooth with kissing it.

O Innocence, O blessed state of man

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And act the mother's part. Now fare ye well.

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the Queen.
King. Farewell my children & may sweet angels (the King kisses
his children.)
Protect and hover o're your innocence.
Sister adieu we shall yet meet smiling (Embraces his sister).
Guards I attend. Farewell-adieu-adieu.

Exit.

7

